



THE NEBB'S

By Sol Hess

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Rudy's Labor Lost

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By SOL HESS



I THINK THAT FALL IS BEAUTIFUL — THE PRETTIEST TIME OF THE YEAR.



NATURE IS WONDERFUL — LOOK AT THE GORGEOUS COLORING — YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT IF YOU SAW IT PAINTED ON CANVAS.



LOOK AT THOSE LEAVES — RED, BROWN AND YELLOW — THEY CALL THIS INDIAN SUMMER — WELL THERE MUST BE SOME INDIAN IN ME — I COULD JUST LIVE OUT-DOORS THIS TIME OF THE YEAR.



WELL, CHIEF DO-NOTHING, HERE'S A JOB FOR YOU — RAKE UP THOSE BEAUTIFUL LEAVES — IT'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO STAY OUT IN THE OPEN.



DON'T TAKE YOUR THINGS OFF — GO ON GET BUSY WITH THE LEAVES — THE COUCH WILL BE HERE WHEN YOU GET THROUGH.



THAT WOMAN JUST HATES TO SEE ME RESTING AND ENJOYING MYSELF — THERE'S NO USE RAKING LEAVES UNTIL THE TREES ARE THROUGH SHEDDING.



RAKING UP THE LEAVES, NEIGHBOR? — GUESS I'LL HAVE TO GET BUSY WITH MINE.

YES, YOUR PLACE LOOKS LIKE NO ONE HAS LIVED THERE FOR YEARS.



DO YOU KNOW, YOU'RE DOING GREAT — YOU KNOW WHICH SIDE OF THE RAKE TO USE AND EVERY-THING.



NOW, I SUPPOSE I'VE GOT TO CARRY THESE BACK INTO THE ALLEY.

THAT ISN'T MUCH OF A JOB — IF YOU HURRY, YOU CAN DO IT BEFORE IT GETS DARK.



WELL IT SEEMS THIS IS THE ONLY THING I GOT TO CARRY THEM IN — I'LL HAVE TO MAKE 100 TRIPS — LIKE CARRYING COAL IN A PILL BOX.



WELL, THAT JOB'S DONE AND THE YARD SURE DID NEED IT — IT LOOKS BETTER NOW — NOW — NOW — LET THE OLD FEET OUT OF PRISON AND A CHANCE TO WIGGLE MY TOES A BIT.



IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NO GOOD — THERE GOES MY PILE OF LEAVES INTO NEBB'S CLEAN YARD — WELL HE CAN'T BLAME ME FOR THAT — I CAN'T HELP IT IF THE WIND IS BLOWING HIS WAY.

W.A. Carlson

